

*Very brisk.*

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King! Let ev'-ry heart pre-pare him room, And

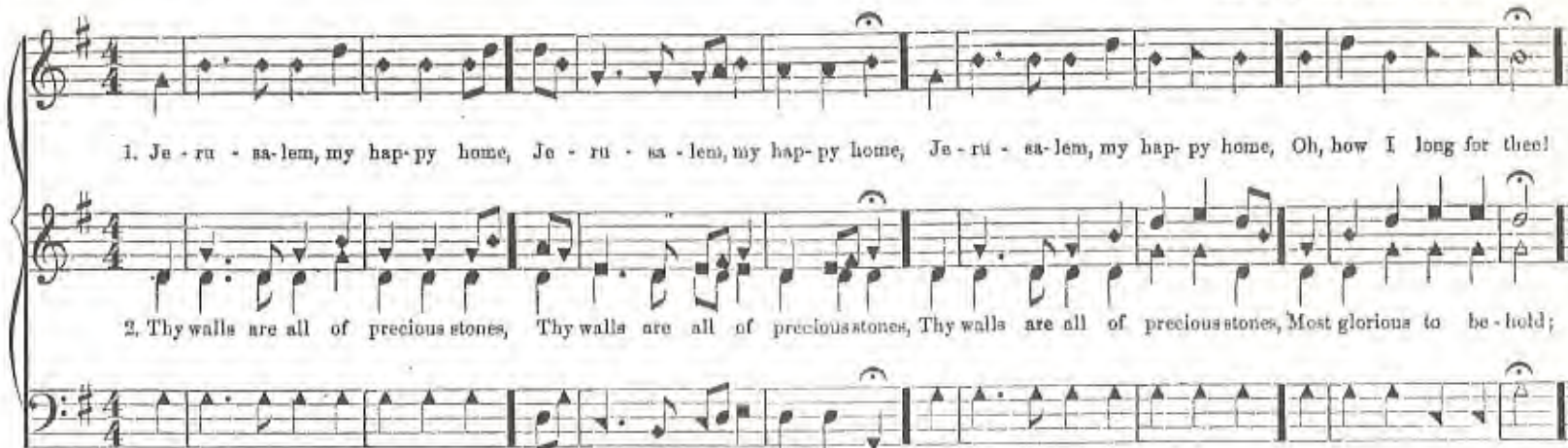
And heav'n and na-ture sing, . . . And heav'n and na-ture sing.

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

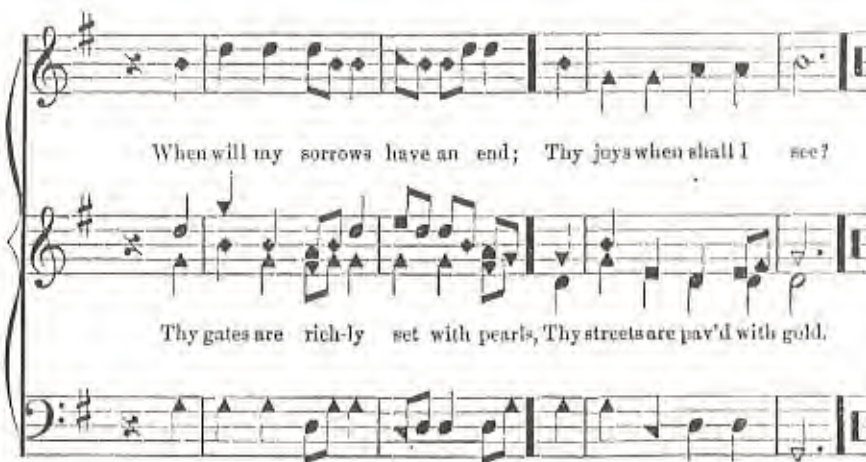
And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

2. Joy to the world! the Savior reigns,  
Let men their songs employ:  
While fields and floods—rocks,  
hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make His blessings  
flow  
Far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and  
grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness  
And wonders of His love.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh, how I long for thee!

2. Thy walls are all of precious stones, Thy walls are all of precious stones, Thy walls are all of precious stones, Most glorious to be - hold;



When will my sorrows have an end; Thy joys when shall I see?

Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearls, Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

3. Thy gardens and Thy pleasant walks,  
My study long have been;  
Such dazling views, by human sight,  
Have never yet been seen.

4. If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,  
Why should I stay from thence?  
What folly's this, that I should dread  
To die, and go from hence?

5. Bunch down, O Lord, Thine arm of  
grace,  
And cause me to ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths never end.

6. Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone;  
Him will I go and see:  
And all my brethren, here below,  
Will soon come after me.

7. My friends, I bid you all adieu,  
I leave you in God's care!  
And, if I never more see you,  
Go on, I'll meet you there.

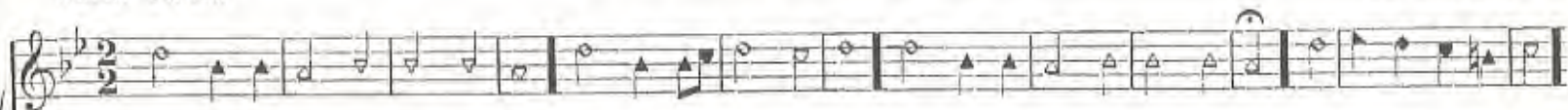
8. When we've been there ten thousand  
years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days, to sing God's praise,  
Than when we first begun.

The following chorus is sometimes sung after each verse; but it takes the whole tune for it:

"I want my friends to go with me,  
I want my friends to go with me,  
I want my friends to go with me,  
To th' new Jerusalem:  
I wonder, Lord, shall I ever get to heav'n,  
To range Jerusalem."

Not worth while to criticise this chorus. Does anybody criticise a camel? No; they take him for his usefulness.—W. H.





1. What shall I ren - der to my God For all His kind-ness shown? My feet shall vis - it Thine a - bode, My songs address Thy throne.



2. A - mong the saints that fill Thy house My off'ings shall be paid; There shall my zeal per-form the vows, My soul in anguish made.



My songs ad-dress Thy throne, My songs ad - dress Thy throne.



My soul in an-guish made, My soul in an - guish made.



3. How much is mercy Thy delight,  
Thou ever-blessed God!  
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!  
How precious is their blood!

4. How happy all Thy servants are!  
How great Thy grace to me!  
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,  
Lord, I devote to Thee.

5. Now I am Thine, forever Thine;  
Nor shall my purpose move;  
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain  
And bound me with Thy love.

6. Here, in Thy courts, I leave my vow,  
And Thy rich grace receive;  
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord.

## CAMBRIDGE.

REV. PHILIP DODDARD, D. D.

1. Jesus, I love Thy charming name,  
'Tis music to my ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud  
That earth and heaven should hear.

2. Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust;  
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

3. All my capacious powers can wish  
In Thee doth rightly meet;  
Nor to mine eyes is life so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

5. I'll speak the honors of Thy name  
With my last lab'ring breath;  
Then speechless sleep Thee in my arms,  
The antidote of death.

WATTS.

ROBERT ROYD.

1. How sad our state, by na - ture is! Our sin, how deep its stains!  
And Sa - tan binds our cap - tive souls Fast in his slav - ish chains: But there's a voice of sove - reign grace Sounds from the

*§ FINE.*

*D.S. And trust a faith - ful Lord."*

*§ FINE.*

*Bad arrangement*

sa - cred word: "Ho! ye de - spair - ing sin - ners, come,

*D.S.*

*D.S.*

2. My soul obeys the gracious call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe Thy promise, Lord;  
Oh, help my unbelief!  
To the blest fountain of Thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly;  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From crimes of deepest dye.
3. Stretch out Thine arm, victorious King,  
My reigning sins subdue;  
Drive the old Dragon from his seat,  
With all his hellish crew.  
A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall;  
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my all.



1. Lord, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice as-cend-ing high; To Thee will I di-rect my pray'r,

2. Up to the hills, where Christ is gone To plead for all His saints, Pre-sent-ing, at the Fa-ther's throne,

To Thee lift up mine eye,

Our songs and our com-plaints.

3. Thou art a God before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,  
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4. But to Thy house will I resort,  
To taste Thy mercies there;  
I will frequent Thy holy court,  
And worship in Thy fear.

5. Oh may Thy spirit guide my feet,  
In ways of righteousness—  
Make ev'ry path of duty straight  
And plain before my face!

6. My watchful enemies combine  
To tempt my feet astray;  
They flatter with a base design,  
To make my soul their prey.

7. Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,  
And all his plots destroy;  
While those that in Thy mercy trust  
Forever shout for joy.

8. The men that love and fear Thy name  
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;  
The mighty God will compass them  
With favor, as a shield.

REV. JNO. A. GRANADE, 1802.

Arr'd by WM. WALKER. A few harmonic changes by WM. HACHER, M. D.

S FINE.

1. Sweet riv - ers of re - deem - ing love Lie just be - fore mine eye;  
 Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd to those riv - ers fly: I'd rise su - pe - rior to my pain,

D.S. And leave the world be - hind.

S FINE.

D.S.

With joy out - strip the wind; I'd cross bold Jor - dan's storm - y main,

D.S.

2. A few more days, or years, at most,  
 My troubles will be o'er;  
 I hope to join the heav'nly host,  
 On Canaan's happy shore;  
 My raptur'd soul shall drink and feast  
 In love's unbounded sea;  
 The glorious hope of endless rest  
 Is ravishing to me.
3. Oh come, my Saviour, come away,  
 And bear me to the sky!  
 Nor let Thy chariot wheels delay;  
 Make haste, and bring it nigh:  
 I long to see Thy glorious face,  
 And in Thine image shine;  
 To triumph in victorious grace,  
 And be forever Thine!
4. Then will I tune my harp of gold  
 To my eternal King;  
 Thro' ages that can ne'er be told  
 I'll make His praises ring:  
 All hail! eternal Son of God!  
 Who died on Calvary!  
 Who bought me with His precious blood  
 From endless misery!
5. Ten thousand thousand join in one,  
 To praise Th' eternal King;  
 Prostrate before the blazing throne  
 In deep humility:  
 They rise and tune their harps of gold,  
 And join the immortal choir;  
 Thro' ages that can ne'er be told  
 They'll raise His praises high'r.



1. Now shall my in - ward joys a - rise, And burst in - to a song: Al - mighty love in - spires my heart,

2. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo - ment come When I shall lay my ar - mor by,

And pleas - ure tunes my tongue.

And dwell with Christ at home?

3. No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
No peaceful, sheltering dome;  
This world's a wilderness of wo;  
This world is not my home.

4. When, by afflictions sharply tried,  
I view the gaping tomb,  
Altho' I dread death's chilling tide,  
Yet still I sigh for home.

*W. V. Watts*  
*Elphiney Heritage*  
*1877*

Weary of wand'ring round and round  
This vale of sin and wo,  
I long to leave th' unhallow'd ground,  
And dwell with Christ at home.



1. Let not de - spair, nor fell re - venge, Be to my bos - om known; Oh, give me tears for oth - ers' woes,

2. Feed me, Oh Lord, with need - ful food; I ask not wealth or fame; But give me eyes to view Thy works,

3. Oh may my days obscurely pass,  
Without remorse or care!  
And let me, for my parting hour,  
From day to day prepare!

DUNDEE.

WATTS.



And pa - tience for my own!

A heart to praise Thy name!

1. Let Zion and her sons rejoice  
Behold the promis'd hour!  
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,  
And comes to exalt His pow'r.
2. Her dust and ruins that remain,  
Are precious in His eyes;  
Those ruins shall be built again,  
And all that dust shall rise.
3. The Lord will raise Jerusalem,  
And stand in glory there;  
Nations shall bow before His name,  
And Kings attend with fear.

4. He sits a Sov'reign on His throne,  
With pity in His eyes;  
He hears the dying prisoners' groan  
And sees their sighs arise.
5. He frees the souls condemn'd to death,  
Nor, when His saints complain,  
Shall it be said, that praying breath  
Was ever spent in vain.
6. This shall be known, when we are dead,  
And left on long record,  
That nations yet unborn may read,  
And trust and praise the Lord.



*Moderato.*

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God has called his own, With joy the sum - mons we o - bey, To wor - ship at His throne.

2. Thy cho - sen tem - ple, Lord, how fair, Where will - ing votaries sing, To breathe the hum - ble, for - vent pray'r, And pour the chor - al song.

## OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST.

WATTS.—HYMN 125.

- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| 1. With joy we meditate the grace<br>Of our High Priest above;<br>His heart is made of tenderness,<br>His bowels melt with love.       | 3. But spotless, innocent, and pure,<br>The great Redeemer stood,<br>While Satan's fiery darts He bore,<br>Resisting unto blood.        | 5. He'll never quench the smoking flax.<br>But raise it to a flame;<br>The bruised reed He never breaks,<br>Nor scorns the meanest name. |
| 2. Touch'd with a sympathy within,<br>He knows our feeble frame;<br>He knows what sore temptations mean,<br>For He hath felt the same. | 4. He, in the days of feeble flesh,<br>Poured out strong eternal tears,<br>And in His measure feels afresh,<br>What every member bears. | 6. Then let our humble faith address<br>His mercy and His power;<br>We shall obtain deliver'ing grace,<br>In the distressing hour.       |

# MIGHTY LOVE. C. M. D.

109

REV. C. WESLEY, 1759.

From A. D. FILMORE'S Book. WM. COLE.

*S* *FINE.*

1. How hap - py ev' - ry child of grace, Who knows his sin for - giv'n!  
This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n; A coun - try far from mor - tal sight;

*D.S.* The heav'n pre - par'd for me.

*S* *FINE.*

*D.S.*

Yet, O! by faith, I see The land of rest, the saints' de - light,

*D. S.*

2. "A stranger in the world below,  
I calmly sojourn here;  
Nar ead his happiness, or wo,  
Provoke my hope, or fear:  
Its evils in a moment end;  
Its joys as soon are past:  
But O! the bliss to which I tend  
Eternally shall last.
3. "To that Jerusalem above,  
With singing I repair;  
While in the flesh, my hope and love,  
My heart and soul, are there:  
There my exalted Savior stands,  
My merciful High Priest,  
And still extends His wounded hands,  
To take me to His breast.
4. "What is there here to court my stay,  
Or keep me back from home,  
While angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come?  
Shall I regret my parted friends,  
Still in the vale confin'd?  
Nay; but whene'er my soul ascends,  
They will not stay behind."



## WINTER. C. M.

DANIEL REED, CONN.

1. With songs and hon - ors, sound - ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high; O - ver the heav'ns He

2. He sends His show'rs of bless - ings down, To cheer the plains be - low; He makes the grass the

spreads His cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky.

moun - tains crown, And corn in val - leys grow.

3. He gives the grazing ox his meat,  
He feeds the raven's cry;  
But man, who tastes His sweet wheat,  
Should raise His honors high.
4. His steady counsels change the face  
Of the declining year;  
He bids the sun not short his race,  
And wintry days appear.
5. His heavy frost, His fleecy snow,  
Descend and clothe the ground;  
The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
In icy fetters bound.
6. When, from His dreadful stores on high,  
He pours the sounding hail,  
The wretch that does his God defy  
Shall find his courage fail.
7. He sends His word and melts the snow;  
The fields no longer mourn;  
He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
And bids the Spring return.
8. The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
Obey His mighty word:  
With songs and honors, sounding loud,  
Praise ye the Sov'reign Lord!

# HALLELUJAH.\* C. M. D.

111

REV. JNO. NEWTON, of England. From his "Olney Hymns."

Arr'd by WM. WALKER and WM. HAUSER, M. D.

*FINE.*

1. A - mar - ing grace, (how sweet the sound!) That sav'd a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now I'm found; Was blind, but now I see. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,

*D.C.* How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - liev'd!

*FINE.*

*D.C.*

And grace my fears re - liev'd;

*D.C.*

2. Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.  
The Lord has promised good to me,  
His word my hopes secures;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.
3. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.  
The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who call'd me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

\*The following Chorus may be sung at the end of each verse to which it will sensibly fit, by starting the first two notes in the third measure after the middle of the tune: "And I'll sing hallelujah, And you'll sing hallelujah; And we'll all sing hallelujah, When we arrive at home."



## RAPTUROUS SCENE. C. M. D.

M. F. BRYAN, of Alexandria Co., N. C.

*FINE.*

1. Wrapp'd in the si - lence of the night Lay all the East - ern world,  
When burst - ing, glo - rious, heav'n - ly light The wond - rous scene un - fur'd. Hark, how cher - u - blic ar - mies shout!

*D.S.* heard through-out Th' harmo - nious heav'n - ly throng.

*FINE.*

*D.S.*

And "glo - ry!" leads the song; "Good - will and peace" are

*D.S.*

## RAPTUROUS SCENE.

By BISHOP PATRICK, on Luke ii, 8-14.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around,  
"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind),  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind."
2. "To you in David's town, this day,  
Is born, of David a line,  
The Savior, who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign:  
The heavenly babe you there shall see,  
To human view display'd,  
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."
3. Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God on high,  
And thus address'd their song:  
"All glory be to God on high!  
And to the earth be peace!  
Good will, henceforth, from heav'n to men,  
Begin, and never cease!"

2ale  
1703.

# THIS IS THE JUBILEE.

C. M.

*Jer Ingalls.*

113

From "American Vocalist." By REV. D. H. MARSHFIELD. Refrain by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

*A Granade 1804.*

1. What heav'n-ly mu-sic do I hear? Sal-va-tion sounding free! Ye souls in bond-age, lend an ear, This is the Ju-bi-lee!

REFRAIN.

This is the Ju-bi-lee! This is the Ju-bi-lee! Ye souls in bond-age, lend an ear, This is the Ju-bi-lee!

2. How sweetly do the things roll,  
All round, from sea to sea!  
From land to land, from pole to pole—  
This is the Jubilee!—Rar.

3. Jesus is on the mercy-seat;  
Before Him bend the knee:  
Let heav'n and earth His praise repeat:  
This is the Jubilee!—Rar.

4. Good news! good news! to Adam's race;  
Let Christians all agree  
To sing redeeming love and grace:  
This is the Jubilee!—Rar.

5. The gospel sounds a sweet release,  
To all in misery:  
And bids them welcome home to peace:  
This is the Jubilee!—Rar.

6. Come, ye redeem'd, your tribute bring,  
With songs of harmony:  
While on the road to Canaan, sing,  
This is the Jubilee!—Rar.



## FLOYD. C. M. D.

TOM MOORE, the sweet bard of Erin. Composed in 1839-40, when I was a student in Em. & Henry Col., Va., for a fellow-student, THOS. KINK, and called after his friend, Gen. F., of Va.—W. H.

§ FINE.

1. O Then, who driest the mourn - er's tear, How dark this world would be,  
If, pierc'd by sins and sor - rows here, We could not fly to Thee. The friends who in our sun - shine live,

D.S. weep those tears a - lone.

§ FINE.

D.S.

When win - ter comes, are flown; And he, who has but tears to give, Must

D.S.

2. But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of wo.  
When joy no longer sooths and cheers,  
And, e'en the hope that throw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
Is dimmed and vanished too,
3. Oh who could bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not 'Thy wing of love  
Come brightly wafting, thro' the gloom,  
Our peace-branch from above?  
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee grows  
bright,  
With more than rapture's ray;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light,  
We never saw by day.

FRANCIS BAKER, 1876.

WM. HAUSER, Feb. 13th, 1875. Named for REV. JESSE FLETCHER MIXON, of Ga.

S

FINE.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Oh, how I long for thee! Thy walls are all of pre - cious stones,  
When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

D.S. Thy streets are pav'd with gold!

S

FINE.

Most glo - rious to be - hold; Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearls,

D.S.

2. Oh when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend?  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end.  
There happier bowers than Eden's,  
bloom,  
Nor sin, nor sorrow know:  
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy  
scenes  
I onward press to you.

3. Why should I shrink from pain and wo,  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.  
Jerusalem, my happy home I  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

D.S.



1. And let this fee - ble bod - y fail, And let it droop and die; My soul shall quit this mournful vale,

*D.S.* And soar to worlds on high; My soul shall quit this mournful vale,

*FINE. REFRAIN.* *D.S.*

And soar to worlds on high. And soar to worlds on high,

*FINE.* *D.S.*

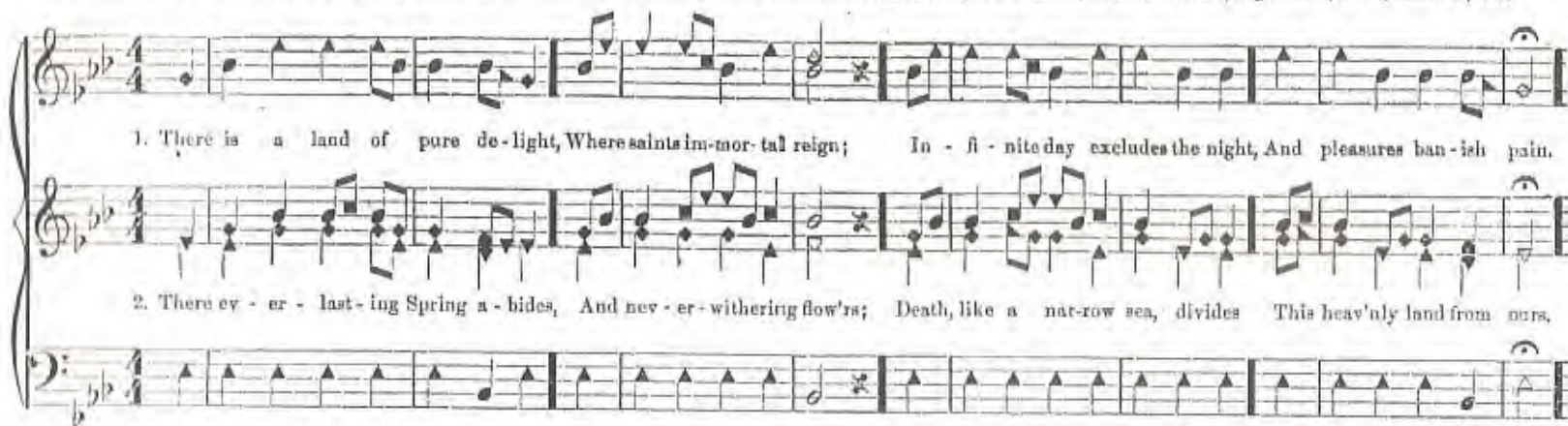
And soar to worlds on high.

2. Shall join the disembodied Saints,  
And find its long-sought rest,  
(That only bliss for which it pants)  
In my Redeemer's breast.
3. In hope of that immortal crown,  
I now the cross sustain;  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And mule at toil and pain:
4. I suffer out my threescore years,  
Till my Deliverer come,  
And wipe away His servant's tears,  
And take His exile home.
5. O what hath Jesus bought for me!  
Before my raptur'd eyes  
Rivers of life-divine I see,  
And trees of Paradise!
6. I see a world of spirits bright  
Who taste the pleasures there!  
They all are robb'd in spotless white,  
And conq'ring palms they bear!
7. O what are all my sufferings here,  
If, Lord, Thou count me meet  
With that corruptor'd host I appear,  
And worship at Thy feet!
8. Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,—  
Take life, or friends away,  
But let me find them all again  
In that eternal day!

# LAND OF REST. C. M.

117

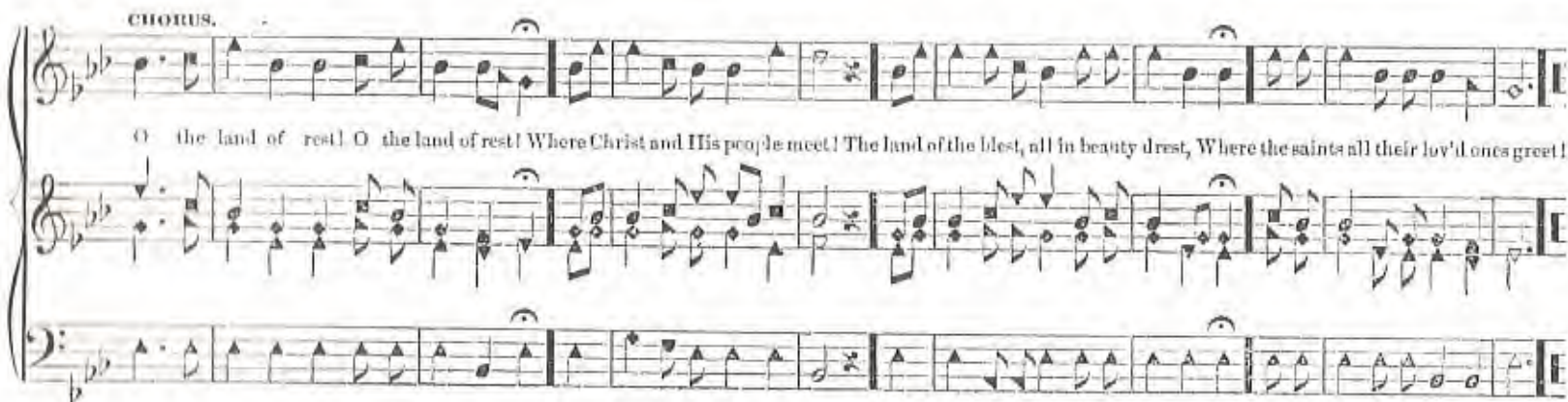
DR. WATTS. Tune and Chorus by WM. HAUSER, M. D. Inspiration of this tune caught from a female voice at a distance, at Barbours Hotel, High Point, N. C., June 9th, 1868.



1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.

2. There ev - er - last-ing Spring a - bides, And nev - er - withering flow'rs; Death, like a nar-row sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.

CHORUS.



O the land of rest! O the land of rest! Where Christ and His people meet! The land of the blest, all in beauty drest, Where the saints all their lov'd ones greet!

3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand drest in living green;

So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between,—CHO.



## PILGRIM BAND. C. M. D., with Chorus.

A good enlisting piece. Numbers x, 29. "Come with us; we will do thee good."

REV. SAM'L. WAKEFIELD. Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

FINH.

1. We're marching to the promised land, A land all fair and bright; Come, join our hap - py Pil - grim band, And seek the plains of light!

*D.S.* We soon shall reach the promised land, And rest for - ev - er there.

*FINE.*

*chorus.*

O come, and join our pil - grim-band, Our toils and tri - umphs share,

*D.S.*

2. The deep Red Sea, already crossed,  
Safe on its banks we stood;  
And saw our foes, old Pharaoh's host,  
Plunged in the angry flood.—*Chorus.*
3. The Saviour feeds His little flock;  
His grace is richly given;  
The living water from the Rock,  
And daily bread from heaven.—*Chorus.*
4. To Canaan's bounds He points the way,  
And guides our feet aright;  
A cloudy pillar leads by day,  
A fiery one by night.—*Chorus.*
5. "Come with us! We will do thee good!"  
Here is our heart and hand,  
To meet you over Jordan's flood,  
And share the promised land.—*Chorus.*
6. There, in that land, no tears are shed,  
No sighs compass the heart;  
To joy's full fountain all are led;  
And there they never part.—*Chorus.*

CHORUS.

1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand thoughts re - volve;  
Come, with your guilt and fear op - prest, And make this last re - solve: O you must be a lov - er of the Lord,

Or you can't get to hea - ven when you die!

2. I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose;  
I know His courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

CHO.—O you must, etc.

3. Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,  
And there my guilt confess,  
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without His sovereign grace.

CHO.—O you must, etc.

4. I'll to my gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives;  
Perhaps He may command my touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.

CHO.—O you must, etc.

5. Perhaps He may admit my plea;  
Perhaps He'll hear my prayer;  
But, if I perish I will pray,  
And perish only there.

CHO.—O you must, etc.

6. I can but perish if I go;  
I am resolv'd to try;  
For, if I stay away, I know  
I shall forever die.

CHO.—O you must, etc.



REV. O. WESLEY, 1741. From Eng. Wes. Hymn-Book.

GEO. FRÉD. HANDELL. Born 1685, Died 1759. This tune is said to have been engraved on his tomb.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me; A to - ken of His love He gives,

2. I find Him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near: His pres - ence makes me free in - deed,

3. He wills that I should holy be;  
What can withstand His will?  
The counsel of His grace in me  
He surely shall fulfil.

6. Thy love I soon expect to find,  
In all its depth and height;  
To comprehend th' Eternal Mind,  
And grasp the Infinite.

4. Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;  
I steadfastly believe  
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,  
And to Thyself receive.

7. When God is Mine, and I am His,  
Of Paradise possess'd,  
I taste unutterable bliss,  
And everlasting rest.

5. Joyful in hope, my spirit soars  
To meet Thee from above;  
Thy goodness thankfully adores,  
And sure I taste Thy love.

8. The bliss of those that fully dwell,  
Fully in Thee believe,  
'Tis more than angel tongues can tell,  
Or angel minds conceive.

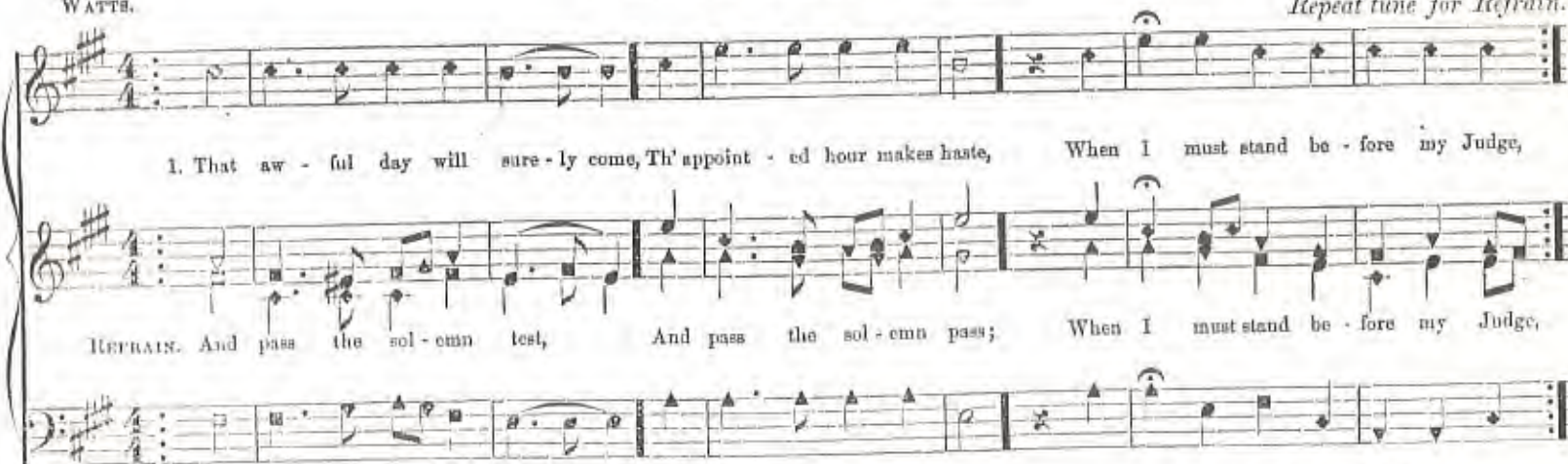
9. Thou only know'st, who didst obtain,  
And die to make it known;  
The great Salvation now explain,  
And perfect us in One!

A pledge of lib - er - ty.

And He will soon ap - pear.

WATTS.

Repeat tune for Refrain.



1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th'appoint - ed hour makes haste, When I must stand be - fore my Judge,

REFRAIN. And pass the sol - emn test, And pass the sol - emn pass; When I must stand be - fore my Judge,



And pass the sol - emn test.

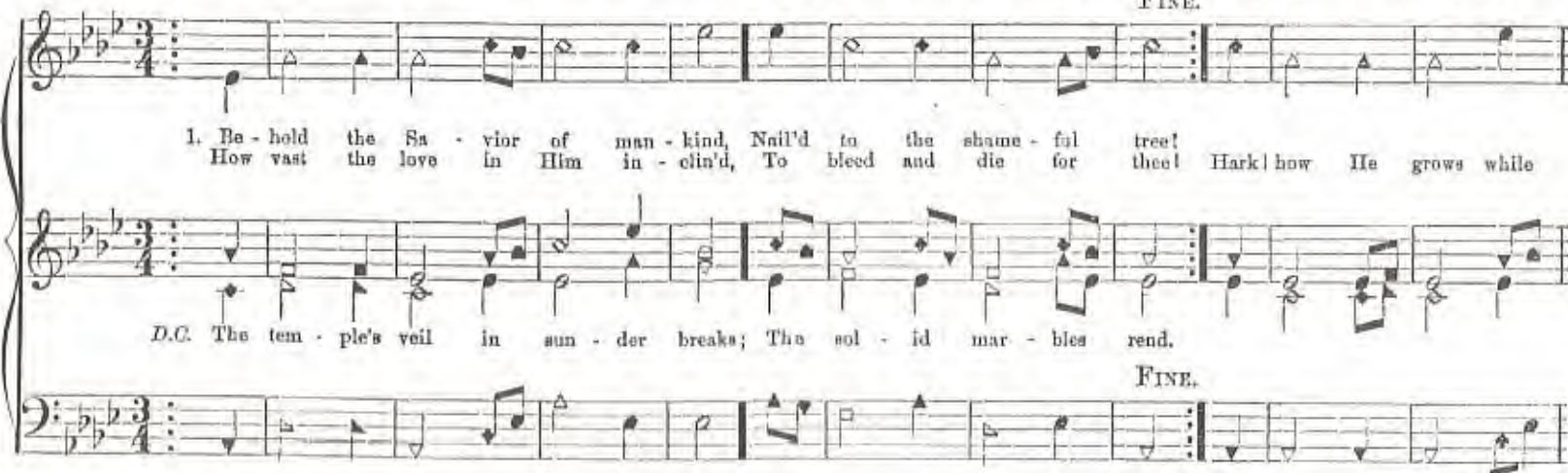
And pass the sol - emn test.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Then lovely Chief of all my joys,<br/>Thou Ruler of my heart;<br/>How could I bear to hear Thy voice<br/>Pronounce the sound: "Depart!"?</p> <p>3. Thunder of that dismal word<br/>Would so torment my ear,<br/>'Twould tear my soul assunder, Lord,<br/>With most tormenting fear.</p> <p>4. What! to be banish'd from my Life,<br/>And yet forbid to die?<br/>To linger in eternal pain,<br/>Yet death forever fly?</p> | <p>5. Oh! wretched state of deep despair,<br/>To see my God remove,<br/>And fix my doleful station, where<br/>I must not taste His love!</p> <p>6. Jesus, I Throw my arms around,<br/>And hang upon Thy breast!<br/>Without a gracious smile from Thee,<br/>My spirit cannot rest.</p> <p>7. Oh, tell me that my worthless name<br/>Is graven on Thy hands!<br/>Show me some promise, in Thy Book,<br/>Where my salvation stands!</p> <p>8. Give me some kind, assuring word,<br/>To sink my fears again;<br/>And cheerfully my soul shall wait<br/>Her threescore years and ten.</p> |
|---|---|



## DUNCAN. C. M. D.

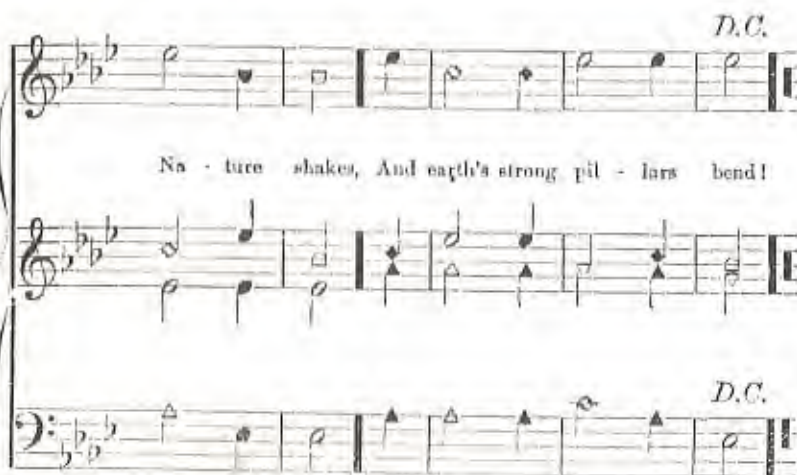
REV. SAM'L. WESLEY, SR., father of JOHN and CHARLES.

Air as sung by REV. JOHN P. DUNCAN, of Georgia. Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.  
FINE.


1. Be - hold the Sa - vior of man - kind, Nail'd to the shame - ful tree! Hark! how He grows white  
How vast the love in Him in - clin'd, To bleed and die for thee! Hark! how He grows white

*D.C.* The tem - ple's veil in sun - der breaks; The sol - id mar - bles rend.

FINE.



*D.C.*

Na - ture shakes, And earth's strong pil - lars bend!

*D.C.*

2. 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!  
"Receive my soul!" He cries:  
See where He bows His sacred head!  
He bows His head and dies.
- But soon He'll break Death's envious chain,  
And in full glory shine:  
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love like Thine?

## PROSPECT OF HEAVEN MAKES DEATH EASY.

DR. WATTS.

1. There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
2. There everlasting Spring abides,  
And never-withering flow'rs;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dress'd in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
4. But tim'rous mortals start, and shrink,  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,  
And fear to launch away!
5. Oh could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unobscured eyes!
6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

# THE ARMY'S ON THE MARCH. C. M.

123

REV. DR. JNO. H. HONOR, Prot. Meth. Min., of Charleston, S. C.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., May 10th, 1874.

CHORUS.

1. Ye who are bound for Ca-naan's land, Come on, with-out de-lay;  
And join to sing a sa-cred song, To cheer you on the way: For the ar-my's on the march, To the New Je-ru-sa-lem, And we'll

2. Our Cap-tain, Je-sus, leads us on, And we dis-dain to fly;  
We'll bold-ly fight the fight of faith, And con-quer, tho' we die. For the ar-my's on the march, &c.

3. The prize is everlasting life;  
A crown of endless hue;  
A robe of pure and spotless white;  
And palms of vict'ry too.

4. The happy place is just in view,  
Where all our toils shall cease;  
Naught ever there shall mar our joy,  
Or interrupt our peace.

5. Apostles, Saints, and Martyrs, there,  
Surround th' Eternal Throne;  
And, of that glorious company,  
We each shall soon be one.

6. We'll shortly hear our Leader say:  
"Ye faithful souls, well done!  
Enter into your Master's joy,  
And sit upon His throne!"

7. Then let us onward press our course,  
To join the happy band,  
Who now are entered into rest,  
In that Oriental land.



REV JNO. ADAM GRANAGE (the "wildman") wrote this song. LORENZO DOW copied it; it was found among Dow's papers; and his editor, supposing he wrote it, claimed it as his composition.—W. H.

Arr'd by Wm. HAUSER, M. D., 1840.

FINE.

1. That glo - rious Day is draw - ing nigh When Zi - on's light shall come;  
She shall a - rise and shine on high, Bright as the ris - ing sun: The North shall then her sons re - sign,

D.C. As bride a - dorn'd, Je - ru - sa - lem All glo - rious shall de - scend.

FINE.

D.C.

And South - ern Isles at - tend;

2. The King who wears the golden crown,  
And azure, flaming bow,  
The holy city shall bring down,  
To bless the church below  
When Zion's bleeding conq'ring King  
Shall sin and death destroy,  
The morning stars again shall sing,  
And Zion shout for joy.

3. Let Satan rage and boast no more,  
Nor think his reign is long:  
Thou' saints are feeble, weak and poor,  
Yet their Redeemer's strong;  
In storms He is our hiding place,  
A covert from the wind;  
A river in the wilderness,  
To bless the Pilgrim band.

4. This crystal stream runs down from heav'n,  
It issues from the throne:  
The floods of strife away are driv'n  
The church becomes but one:  
That peaceful ruler who shall know,  
And live upon His love;  
And shoot an arrow flaming below,  
As angels do above.

# "TURN YE TO THE STRONGHOLD, YE PRISONERS OF HOPE."

C. WESLEY.

A first-rate piece to sing over deeply penitent souls.—W. H.

Zech. ix, 12.

D.C.

1. Thou hidden God, for whom I groan,  
Till Thou Thyself declare;  
God, inaccessible, unknown,  
Regard a sinner's prayer!—  
A sinner well'ting in his blood,  
Unpurge'd and unforgiv'n,  
Far distant from the living God,  
As far as hell from heav'n.

2. An unregenerate child of man,  
To Thee for faith I call;  
Pity Thy fallen creature's pain,  
And raise me from my fall:  
The darkness which, thro' Thee, I feel,  
Thou only canst remove;  
Thy own eternal power reveal,  
The Deity of love.

3. Then hast in unbelief shut up,  
That grace may let me go;  
In hope, believing against hope,  
I wait the truth to know.  
Then wilt thou, reveal Thy name,  
Then wilt Thy light afford;  
Humbled and oppress'd, yet I mine I am,  
The prisoner of the Lord.



1. Do not I love Thee, O my Lord? Be - hold my heart, and see; And turn each ears - ed i - dol out,

2. Do not I love Thee from my soul? Then let me both - ing love: Dead be my heart to ev' - ry joy,



That dares to ri - val Thee.

When Je - sus can - not move.

3. Is not Thy name melodious still  
To my attentive ear?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound  
My Saviour's voice to hear?
4. Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock  
I would gladly to feed?  
Hast thou a foe, before whose face,  
I fear Thy cause to plead?

5. Would not my ardent spirit vie  
With angels round the throne,  
To execute Thy sacred will,  
And make Thy glory known?
6. Would not my heart pour out its blood  
In honor of Thy name?  
And challenge the cul - hand of death  
To damp th' immortal flame?

7. Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord;  
But Oh! I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love Thee more.

### "THEY SHALL LOOK ON HIM WHOM THEY PIERCED, AND MOURN."

DR. WATTS.

1. Infinite grief! amazing woe!  
Behold my bleeding Lord!  
Hell and the Jews conspired His death,  
And used the Roman sword.
2. Oh, the sharp pangs of smiting pain  
My dear Redeemer bore,  
When knotty whips and rugged thorns  
His sacred body tore!
3. But knotty whips and rugged thorns  
In vain do I accuse;  
In vain I blame the Roman hands,  
And the more seditious Jews.

4. 'Twas you, my sins, my cruel sins,  
His chief tormentors were;  
Each of my crimes became a nail,  
And unbelief the spear.
5. 'Twas you that pulled the vengeance down  
Upon His guiltless head;  
Break, break, my heart, Oh! burst, mine eyes,  
And let my sorrows bleed.
6. Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,  
Till melting waters flow,  
And deep repentance drown mine eyes,  
In undissolved woe.



DR. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

FINE.

1. Sovereign of all the worlds on high, Al - low my hum - ble claim;  
 Nor, while un - wor - thy I draw nigh, Dis - dain a Fa - ther's name. "My Fa - ther God!" that gra - cious sound

*D.C.* Not all the har - mo - ny of heav'n Could so de - light my ear.

*FINE.*

*D. C.*

Dis - pels my guilt - y fear;

*D.C.*

2. Come Holy Spirit, send the grace  
 On my expanding heart;  
 And show that, in the Father's love,  
 I share a filial part.

Cheer'd by a witness so Divine,  
 Unwavering I believe;  
 And, "Abba, Father!" humbly cry;  
 Nor can the sign deceive.

## BREATHING AFTER THE HOLY SPIRIT.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.  
 Look, how we grovel here below  
 Fond of these trifling toys;  
 Our souls can neither fly nor go  
 To reach eternal joys.

2. In vain we tune our formal songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise;  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.  
 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
 At this poor dying rate?  
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
 And Thine to us so great?

3. [Come Holy Ghost, in mercy shine  
 In these cold hearts of ours;  
 And with the flame of love Divine,  
 Fill all our ransom'd pow'rs!]—W. H.  
 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

# THE SAVIOR'S COMPASSION. C. M.

127

WATTS, 1900.

"Our High Priest touched with the feeling of our infirmities."—Heb. iv, 15.

Arr'd by WM. HAUBER, M. D.

FINE. REFRAIN.

1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove;  
His heart is made of ten - der - ness, His bow - els melt with love. His bow - els melt with love,

D.C. His heart is made of ten - der - ness, His bow - els melt with love.

FINE.

D.C.

His bow - els melt with love;

D.C.

2. Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.
3. Not spotless, innocent, and pure,  
The great Redeemer stood,  
While Satan's fiery darts he stood,  
Resisting unto blood.
4. He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Pour'd out his cries and tears,

- And in His measure feels afresh  
What ev'ry member bears.
5. He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed He never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meekest name.
  6. Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and His pow'r;  
We shall obtain delli'ring grace  
In the distressing hour.

## THE PRODIGAL.

Luke xv, 11, etc.

DR. WATTS.—HYMN 123.

1. Behold the wretch, whose lust and wine  
Has wasted his estate;  
He begs a share among the swine,  
To taste the harks they eat!
2. "I die with hunger here," he cries,  
"I starve in foreign lands;  
My father's house hath large supplies,  
And bounteous are his hands."
3. "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,  
Fall down before his face;  
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,  
Nor can deserve thy grace."
4. He said; and hasten'd to his home,  
To seek his father's love;

- The father sees the rebel come,  
And all his bowels move.
5. He ran, and fell upon his neck  
Embrace'd and kiss'd his son,  
The rebel's heart with sorrow broke  
For follies he had done.
  6. "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"  
(The father gives command)  
"Dress him in garments white and clean,  
With rings adorn his hand."
  7. "A day of feasting I ordain,  
Let mirth and joy abound;  
My son was dead, but lives again,  
Was lost, but now is found."



1. Let ev' - ry mor-tal ear at-tend, And ev' - ry heart re-joice! The trumpet of the

The trumpet of the gospel sounds, With The

The trumpet of the gos-pel sounds, With an in - vi - ting

gos - pel sounds, With an in - vi - ting voice, With an in - vi - ting voice.

an in - vit - ing voice; The trumpet of the gos - pel sounds, With an in - vi - ting voice.

voice; The trumpet of the gos - pel sounds, With an in - vit - ing voice,

2. Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly try with empty toys  
To fill an empty mind.

3. Eternal wisdom hath prepar'd  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.

4. Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die;  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.

5. Rivers of love and mercy, here,  
In a rich ocean join;  
Salvation, in abundance flows  
Like floods of milk and wine.

6. Ye perishing and naked poor,  
Who work with mighty pain,  
To weave a garment of your own,  
That will not hide your sin;

7. Come, naked, and adorn your souls  
In robes prepar'd by God;  
Wrought by the labors of His Son,  
And dy'd in His own blood.

8. Dear God! the treasures of Thy love,  
Are everlasting mines,  
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,  
And boundless as our sins.

# CONDESCENSION. C. M.

*W. Davison 1817.*

129

DR. WATTS.

This noble tune seems to have originated about 1800. Arr'd by Wm. HAUSER, M. D.

1. How con - de - scend - ing, and how kind, Was God's E - ter - nal Son! Our mis - 'ry reach'd His heav'n - ly mind,

2. When Jus - tice, by our sins pro - vok'd, Drew forth its dread - ful sword, He gave His soul up to the stroke,

And pit - y brought Him down.

With - out a mur - m'ring word.

3. He sank beneath our heavy woes,  
To raise us to His throne;  
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows  
But cost His heart a groan.
4. This was compassion like a God,  
That, when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was His blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew.
5. Now, tho' He reigns, exalted high,  
His love is still as great;  
Well He remembers Calvary;  
Nor lets His saints forget.

6. Here we behold His bowels roll,  
As kind as when He died;  
And see the sorrows of His soul  
Bleed thro' His wounded side.
7. Here we receive repeated seals  
Of Jesu's dying love;  
Hard is the watch that never fails  
One soft affection move.
8. Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
While we His death record;  
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,  
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

## CONDESCENSION.

The whole of Watts' fine hymn.

1. Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glim'ring day.
2. With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and, O amazing love!  
He ran to our relief.
3. Down, from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste He fled;  
Entered the grave, in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
4. He spelled the powers of darkness thus,  
And broke our iron chains;  
Jesus hath freed our captive souls  
From everlasting pains.
5. In vain the baffled prince of hell  
His cursed project tries;  
We, that were doomed his endless slaves,  
Are raised above the skies.
6. O, for this love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak!
7. Yes, we will praise Thee, dearest Lord,  
Our souls are all on flame;  
Hosannah round the spacious earth  
To thine adored name!
8. Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold!  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.



REV. JNO. ADAM GRANADE, 1803.

Arr'd by JNO. W. SCHOOLFIELD, of Virginia, and WM. HAUSER, M. D.

*§* *FINE.*

1. Hark! lis - ten to the trum - pet - ers! They sound for vol - un - teers:  
On Zi - on's bright and flow - ry mount, Be - hold the of - fi - cers! Their hor - ses white, their gar - ments bright,

*D.S.* To march for Ca - naan's land.

*§* *FINE.*

*D.S.*

With crown and bow they stand; En - list - ing sold - iers for their King,

*D.S.*

2. It sets my heart all in a flame;  
A soldier I will be:  
I will enlist, gird on my arms,  
And fight for liberty:  
They want no cowards in their band,  
(They will their colors fly,)  
But call for valiant-hearted men,  
Who're not afraid to die.
3. The armies now are in parade;  
How martial they appear!  
All arm'd, and dress'd in uniform,  
They look like men of war:  
They follow their brave General,  
The great atoning Lamb;—  
His garments stained in His own blood;—  
King Jesus is His name.
4. The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,  
And drive the hosts of hell:  
How dreadful is our God in arms,  
The Great Emmanuel!  
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,  
Th' eternal Son of God,  
And march with us to Canaan's land,  
Beyond the swelling flood.

# ALAS! AND DID. C. M.

131

DR. WATTS, 1799. Whole of the original hymn.

B. J. VAIL.

*1st. time.* FINE. *2d. time.*

*Omit 2d. time.*

1. A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed? And did my Sove - reign die?  
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

D.C. Yes, Je - sus died for all man - kind; Bless God sal - va - tion's free.

FINE.

CHORUS. D.C.

Je - sus died for you and me, Yes, Je - sus died for you and me;

Je - sus died for you, And Je - sus died for me;

D.C.

Je - sus died for you and me, Yes, Je - sus died for you and me;

2. Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine,  
And bath'd in its own blood;  
While all-exposed to wrath Divine,  
The glorious sufferer stood!
3. Was it for crimes that I have done  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity, grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
4. Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, the creature's sin.
5. Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While His dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.
6. But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do.



WATTS. I have chosen to quote WATTS exactly, and not any alterations by poetic scribblers.—WM. HAUSER, M. D.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights; The glo - ry of my bright - est days,

2. In dark - est shades, if Thou ap - pear, My dawn - ing is be - gun; Thou art my soul's bright morn - ing star,

And com - fort of my nights.

And thou my ris - ing Sun.

3. The op'ning heav'n's around me shine,  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,  
And whispers "I am His."
4. My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
At that transporting word;

Run up with joy the shining way,  
I'll embrace my dearest Lord;

5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;  
The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
Should bear me conq'ror thro'.

## TIME.

WATTS.

1. Time! what an empty vapor 'tis!  
And days, how swift they are!  
Swift as an Indian's arrow flies,  
Or like a shooting star.
2. The present moments just appear,  
Then slide away in haste,  
That we can never say, "they're here;"  
But only say, "they're past!"
3. Our life is ever on the wing,  
And death is ever nigh;  
The moment when our lives begin  
We all begin to die.

4. Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days  
Thy lasting favors share,  
Yet, with the bounties of Thy grace,  
Thou lead'st the rolling year.
5. 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,  
And we are clothed with love;  
While grace stands pointing out the road  
That leads our souls above.
6. His goodness runs an endless round;  
All glory to the Lord!  
His mercy never knows a bound;  
And be His name ador'd!

7. Thus we begin the lasting song:  
And, when we close our eyes,  
Let the next all Thy praise prolong,  
Till time and nature die.

*Jon. Haswell.*

# ANGEL BAND. C. M.

133

WM. BATCHELDER BRABURY.

## CHORUS.

1. My in-ter-est soon is sink-ing fast, My race is near-ly run;  
My strongest tri-als now are past, My triumph is be-gun:

Oh! come, an-gel band; Come, and a-round me stand; Oh, bear me a-way on your

2. I know I'm near the ho-ly ranks Of friends and kindred dear;  
I brush the dew on Jordan's banks, The cross-ing must be near:

Oh! come, an-gel band, &c.

snow-y wings, To my im-mor-tal home! Oh, bear me a-way on your snow-y wings, To my im-mor-tal home!

3. I've almost gain'd my heav-  
'nly home,  
My spirit loudly sings;  
The holy ones, behold they  
come!  
I hear the noise of wings.  
—Chor.

4. Oh bear my longing heart to  
Him  
Who bled and died for me;  
Whose blood now cleanses  
from all sin,  
And gives me victory!  
—Chor.



## I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

W B B.

The whole sung as a chorus, if desired.

1. There is a foun - tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Em - man - uel's veins; And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood,

CHORUS. I do be - lieve, I do be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me: I do be - lieve, for me His blood

Loss all their guilt - y - stains,

Was shed on Cal - va - ry.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, tho' vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its pow'r;  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be sav'd to sin no more.
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
5. Then is an nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save;  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.
6. Lord, I believe Thou hast prepar'd,  
(Unworthy tho' I be,)  
For me a blood-bought, free reward,  
A golden harp for me.
7. 'Tis strong and tun'd for endless years,  
And form'd by pow'r Divine,  
To sound in God the Father's ears,  
No other name but Thine.

## JESUS THE NAME.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1740.

1. Jesus, the Name high over all,  
In hell, or earth, or sky;  
Angels and men before it fall,  
And devils fear, and fly.
2. Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,  
The Name to sinners giv'n;  
It scatters all their guilty fear,  
It turns their hell to heav'n.
3. Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,  
And bruises Satan's head;  
Pow'r into strengthless souls it speaks,  
And life into the dead.
4. Oh that the world might taste and see  
The riches of His grace!  
The arms of love, that compass me,  
Would all mankind embrace.
5. His only righteousness I show,  
His saving truth proclaim;  
'Tis all my business here below  
To cry: "Behold the Lamb!"
6. Happy, if, with my latest breath  
I may but keep His name;  
Preach Him to all, and cry, in death:  
"Behold I behold the Lamb!"

WATTS. Luke ii.

S

FINE.

1. Shepherds, re-joice! lift up your eyes, And send your fears a-way! News from the regions of the skies! Sal-va-tion's born to-day!

D.S. To-day He makes His en-trance here, But not as monarchs do.

S

FINE.

2. "No gold, nor purple-wadding bands,  
Nor royal shining things;  
A manger for His cradle stands,  
And holds the Kings of kings.  
"Go, shepherds where the Infant lies,  
And see His humble throne;  
With tears of joy in all your eyes,  
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."
3. Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around  
The heav'nly armies throng;  
They tune their harps to lofty sound,  
And thus conclude the song:  
"Glory to God, that reigns above!  
Let peace surround the earth!  
Mortal shall know their Maker's love,  
At the Redeemer's birth."

D.S.

Je-sus, the God whom an-gels fear, Comes down to dwell with you;

## JESUS.

Rev. C. WESTER. Meth. Prot. Hymn-Book.

Is. ix. 2-3.

1. The race that long in darkness plin'd  
Have seen a glorious light;  
The people now behold the dawn,  
Who dwell in death and night.  
To hail Thy rising sun of life,  
The gathering nations come;  
Joyous as when the reapers bear  
Their harvest treasures home.
2. For Thou our burden hast remov'd,  
Th' oppressor's reign is broke;  
The fiery conflict with the foes  
Has burst his cruel yoke.  
To us the promis'd child is born,  
To us the Son is giv'n;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
And all the hosts of heav'n.

3. His name shall be the Prince of peace,  
Forevermore ador'd;  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The mighty God and Lord.  
His power increasing still, shall spread,  
His reign no end shall know;  
Justice shall guard His throne above,  
And peace abound below.

D.S.

John. 1:1-14.  
1770.



## MORN OF ZION'S GLORY. 6s, 8s &amp; 3s. Trochaic.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., March 10th, 1874.

1. Morn of Zi-on's glo-ry, Brightly thou art breaking! Ho-ly joys thy light is wak-ing, Morn of Zi-on's glo-ry: Ancient.

2. Morn of Zi-on's glo-ry! Ev'-ry hu-man dwel-ling, With thy notes of joy are swelling, Morn of Zi-on's glo-ry: Dis-tant

saints fore-told thee: Ser-aph an-gels glad be-hold thee Far and wide, See them glide! Streams of rich sal-va-tion Flow to ev'-ry na-tion.

hills are ring-ing, Echoed voi-ces sweet are sing-ing: Hasten thee on, Like the sun, Paths of splendor trac-ing, Heathen midnight chasing.

3. Morn of Zion's glory!  
 Now Thy night is riven;  
 Now Thy star is high in heaven,  
 Morn of Zion's glory:  
 Joyful hearts are bounding

*With Amen!*

Hallelujahs now are sounding:  
 Peace with men  
 Dwells again:  
 Jesus reigns forever!  
 Jesus reigns forever!

See 112!

## CHRISTMAS NIGHT. C. M.

137

STEEL

Luke ii.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., May 10th, 1874. Idea from R. M. McINTOSH.

*Fate.*

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

2. "Fear not," said he, for might-y dread Had seiz'd their trou-bled mind; "Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring, To you, and all man-kind."

## REFRAIN.

And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round,

To you, and all man-kind, To you, and all man-kind, Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring, To you, and all man-kind.

3. "To you, in David's town, this day,  
Is born, of David's line,  
A Saviour, who in Christ the  
Lord;  
And this shall be the sign:

4. "The heav'nly babe you there shall find,  
To human view display'd,  
All meanly wrap'd in swaddling  
bands,  
And in a manger laid."

5. Thus spake the Seraph: and, forthwith,  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God on  
high,  
And thus address'd their song:

6. "All glory be to God on high!  
And to the earth be peace!  
Good will, henceforth, from heav'n to  
men,  
Begin and never cease!"



REV. C. WESLEY, 1742. Quoted from British Wesleyan Hymn-Book.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free! A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood

2. A heart re - sign'd, sub - mis - sive, meek, My great Re - deem - er's throne; Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak,

So free - ly spilt for me!

Where Je - sus reigns a - lone:

3. A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within!
5. Thy tender heart is still the same,  
And melts at human woe:  
Jesus, for Thine distress'd I am,  
I want Thy love to know!
7. Fruit of Thy gracious lips, on me  
Bestow that peace unknown,  
The hidden manna, and the tree  
Of life, and the white stone.

4. A heart, in ev'ry thought renew'd,  
And full of love Divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine!
6. My heart, Thou know'st, can never rest  
Till Thou create my peace;  
Till, of my Eden re-possess'd,  
From ev'ry sin I cease,
8. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.

## REST IN CHRIST.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1740.

1. Forever here my rest shall be,  
Close to Thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope, and all my plea,  
For me the Savior died.
2. My dying Savior, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3. Wash me, and make me thus Thy own;  
Wash me, and mine Thou art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.
4. Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

KIRBY, of England.

1. Thea we a - dore, E - ter - nal Name, And hum - bly own to Thee How fee - ble is our mor - tal frame,

2. Our wast - ing lives grow short - er still, As days and months in - crease; And ev' - ry beat - ing pulse we tell,

What dy - ing worms we be!

Leaves but the num - ber less.

3. The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're trav'ling to the grave.

4. Dangers stand thick, thro' all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.

5. Great God! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things!  
Th' eternal states of all the dead,  
Upon life's feeble strings!

6. Infinite joy, or endless woe,  
Attend on ev'ry breath;  
And yet how unconcern'd we go,  
Upon the brink of death!

7. Waken, Oh Lord, our drowsy sense,  
To walk life's dangerous road,  
That, if our souls be hurried hence,  
They may be found with God.

## A FUNERAL THOUGHT.

WATTS.

1. Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,  
Mine ears attend the cry:  
"Ye living men, come, view the ground,  
Where you must shortly lie.

2. Great God! is this our certain doom?  
And are we still secure?  
Still walking downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepar'd no more!

3. Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your towers;  
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,  
Must lie as low as ours."

4. Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,  
To fit our souls to fly!  
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky.



JOSEPH ADDISON.

1. When, ris - ing from the bed of death, O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear, I view my Ma - ker

2. If yet, while par - don may be found, And mer - cy may by sought, My soul with in - ward

face to face, Oh, how shall I ap - pear!

hor - ror shrinks, And trem - bles at the thought,

3. When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
Oh, how shall I appear!

4. Oh may my broken, contrite heart,  
Timely my sins lament;  
And early, with repentant tears,  
Eternal wo prevent!

5. Behold the sorrows of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late!  
And hear my Savior's dying groans,  
To give those sorrows weight!

6. For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to secure,  
Who knows Thine only Son hath died  
To make that pardon sure.

# "COME UNTO ME." MATT. XI, 28.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1850.

1. I heard the voice of Jesus say:  
"Come unto me, and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,  
Thy head upon my breast."

2. I went to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say:  
"Behold! I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink and live."

4. I went to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul reviv'd,  
And now I live in Him.

5. I heard the voice of Jesus say:  
"I am this dark world's Light;  
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise  
And all thy day be bright."

6. I look'd to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk  
Till trav'ling days be done.

REV. PETER LONG, Primitive Baptist Minister, of Greenville, Ill.

AARON CHAPIN.

1. Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor now, While in the days of youth; To your Di - vine Re - deem - er bow,

2. For they who seek Him young, shall find Par - don for ev - 'ry sin; A calm of con - science; peace of mind,

3. But they who slight His voice so sweet,  
And wait for better years,  
Shall but increasing troubles meet,  
And sad, perplexing cares.

4. Then come to Jesus, while you may;  
Obey the gospel sound:  
Youth is the day, the precious day,  
When mercy may be found.

And seek the ways of truth.

And end - less glo - ry win.

ABRAHAM'S BLESSING ON THE GENTILES.

DR. WATTS.

1. How large the promise! how divine!  
To Abra'm and his seed!  
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,  
Supplying all their need."

2. The words of His extensive love  
From age to age endure;  
The angel of the cov'nant proves  
And seals the blessing sure.

3. Jesus the ancient faith confirms  
To our great fathers giv'n;  
He takes young children to His arms,  
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

4. Our God, how faithful are His ways!  
His love endures the same:  
Nor from the promise of His grace  
Blots out his children's name.



DR. PHILIP DODDIDGE, 1753.

FINE.

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Sa-vior comes, The Sa-vior prom-is'd long; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare a throne, And 'ev-'ry voice a song.

2. He comes, the pris-'ners to re-lease, In Sa-tan's bond-age held: The gates of brass be-fore Him burst, The i-ron fet-ters yield.

FINE.

3. He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure;  
And with the treasures of His grace  
T' enrich the humble poor.
4. Our glad hosannahs, Prince of  
Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heav'n's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved name.

CODA. That is, an exceptional chorus.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

DR. WATTS, 1769.

## CHARITY.

1 Cor. xiii, 13.

- Happy the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast;  
Love is the brightest of train,  
And perfects all the rest.
- Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear:  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.
- 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move:  
The devils know, and tremble too;  
But Satan cannot love.
- This is the grace that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away  
To see our gracious God.

JAMES ALLEN, of England. From English Congregational Hymn-Book.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free? No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one,

2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sor - row'ing here! But now they taste un - min - gled love,

3. The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free;  
And then go home, my crown to wear—  
For there's a crown for me.
4. Upon the crystal pavement, down  
At Jesus' pierced feet,  
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,  
And His dear name repeat.

5. And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,  
Beneath heav'n's arches high:  
"The Lord that lives"—the ransom'd sing—  
"That lives, no more to die!"
6. O precious cross! O glorious crown!  
O resurrection day!  
Ye angels, from the heav'n come down,  
And bear my soul away!

And there's a cross for me.



And joy, with - out a tear.

### THE PRESENCE OF THE SHEPHERD.

WATTS, 1719. Ps. xxiii.

1. My Shepherd will supply my need,  
Jehovah is His name;  
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,  
Beside the living stream.
2. He brings my wand'ring spirit back,  
When I forsake His ways;  
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,  
In paths of truth and grace.

3. When I walk thro' the shades of death,  
Thy presence is my stay:  
A word of Thy supporting breath  
Drives all my fears away.
4. Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,  
Doth now my table spread:  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
Thine oil anoints my head.

5. The sure provisions of my God  
Attend me all my days:  
O may Thy house be mine abode,  
And all my work be praise!



REV. MR. GREGG, of Cheshire, England. "Seen of Angels." 1 Tim. iii, 16.

1. Be - yond the glit - t'ring, star - ry skies, Far as th'e - ter - nal hills, You heav'n of heav'ns, with liv - ing light,

2. Le - gions of an - gels, strong and fair, In count - less ar - miles shine, And swell His praise on gold - en harps

Our great Re - deem - er fills.

At - tuned to songs Di - vine.

3. "Hail, Prince!" they cry, "forever hail!  
Whose unexampled love  
Mov'd Thee to quit those glorious realms  
And royalties above!"

4. While He did condescend, on earth  
To suffer grief and pain,  
They cast their honors at His feet,  
And waited in His train.

5. Thro' all His travels, here below,  
They did His steps attend,  
Oft wond'ring how and where, at last,  
The mystic scene would end.

6. They saw His heart, transfix'd with wounds,  
With love and grief run o'er:  
They saw Him break the bars of death,  
Which none e'er broke before.

7. They brought His Chariot from above,  
To bear Him to His throne,  
Clapp'd their triumphant wings and cried:  
"The glorious work is done!"

The *Met. Prot.*, of Sept. 11th, 1852, gives the following item about this hymn: "Rev. Mr. Gregg, who wrote it, had an insane, yet harmless, brother, who was walking about the yard on the day he wrote it. He had finished all but the last two lines; but then his mind became cloudy, and he could proceed no further. While walking out to take fresh air, and to reflect, the insane brother stepped into the office, read the unfinished MS., took the pen, and wrote the last two grand lines, viz.:

"Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cried:  
The glorious work is done!"

There is a noble version of this hymn, somewhat different from the one here inserted, in the English Baptist Hymn-Book, ascribed to James Fanch, 1756, and Daniel Turner, 1792. I suppose both added something to it.—W. H.

I learned this air of REV. SAMUEL ANTHONY, of Georgia, more than 30 years ago. WM. HAUSER, M. D., March, 1873.

FINE.

1. O hap - py souls, how fast you go, And leave me far be - hind!  
Don't stay for me, for now I see, The Lord is good and kind: Go on! go on! my soul says— go;

D.C. Tho' I'm be - hind, I feel in - clin'd To sing ho - san - na too.

FINE.

D.C.

And I'll come af - ter you.

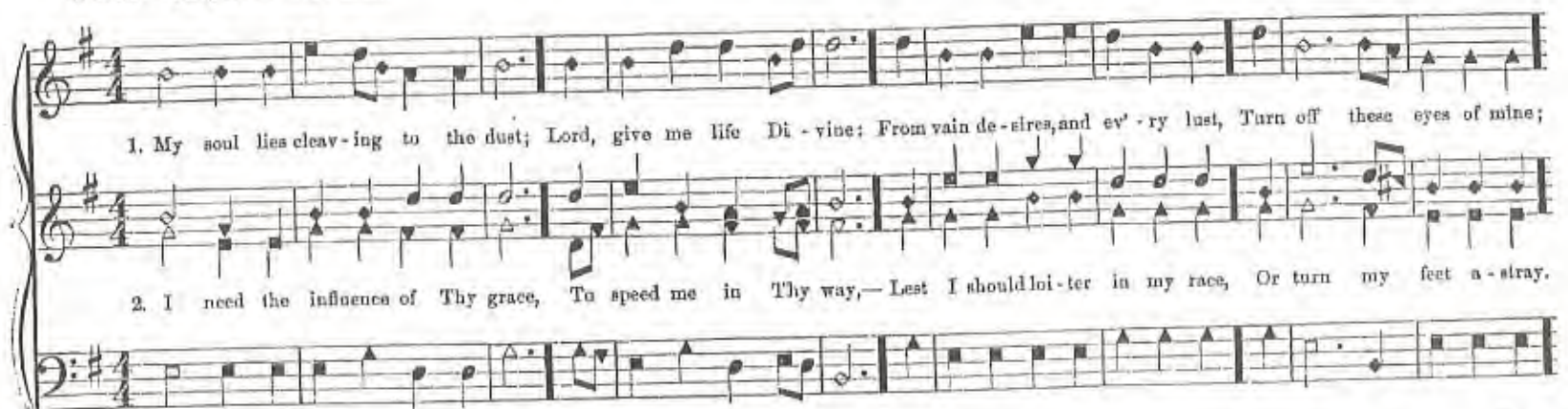
D.C.

2. God give you strength your race to run,  
And keep your footsteps right!  
Tho' fast you go, and I so slow,  
You are not out of sight:  
When you get to that world above,  
And all God's glory see,  
On that bright shore—your journey o'er—  
Then look you out for me.

3. I'm coming on fast as I can,  
Nor toil nor danger fear;  
God give me strength!—may I at length  
Be one among you there!  
Then altogether we shall meet—  
Together we will sing;  
Together we will praise our God  
And everlasting King.

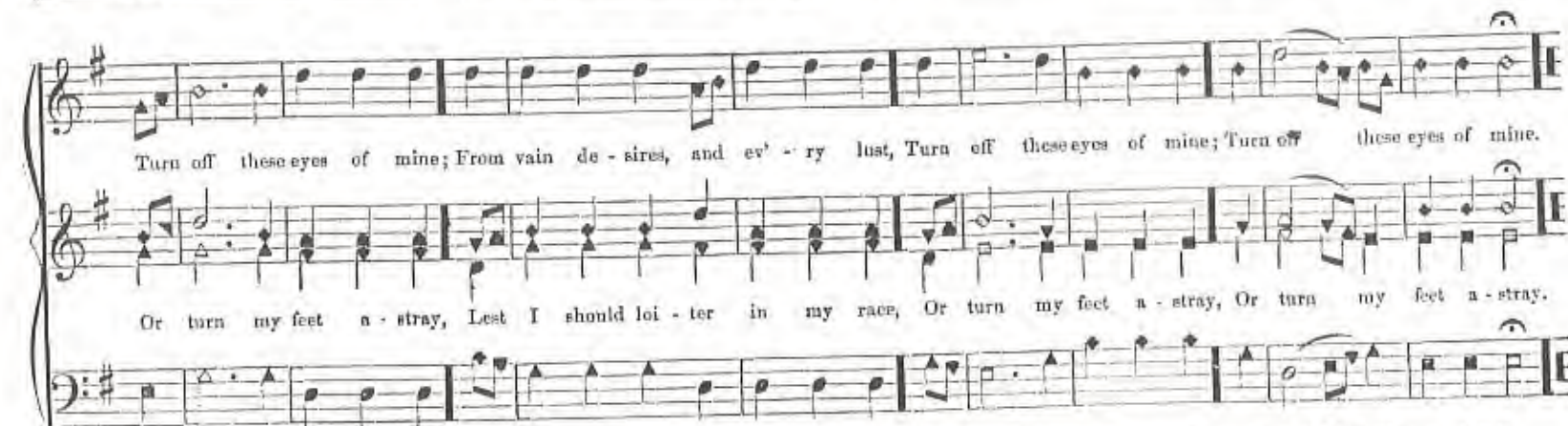


Watts. 16th part of this Psalm.



1. My soul lies cleav- ing to the dust; Lord, give me life Di- vine; From vain de- sires, and ev'-ry lust, Turn off these eyes of mine;

2. I need the influence of Thy grace, To speed me in Thy way,—Lest I should loi-ter in my race, Or turn my feet a-stray.



Turn off these eyes of mine; From vain de- sires, and ev'-ry lust, Turn off these eyes of mine; Turn off these eyes of mine.

Or turn my feet a-stray, Lest I should loi-ter in my race, Or turn my feet a-stray, Or turn my feet a-stray.

3. When sore afflictions press me down,  
I need Thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
Thy word, that I have rested on,  
Shall keep my heartiest hours.

4. Are not Thy mercies sovereign still,  
And Thou a faithful God?  
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal,  
To run the heav'nly road?

5. Does not my heart Thy precepts love  
And long to see Thy face?  
And yet, how slow my spirits move  
Without conveining grace!

6. When shall I love Thy gospel more,  
And ne'er forget Thy word,  
When I have felt Thy quick'ning pow'r  
To draw me to the Lord.

DR. WATTS.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1795.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song, with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song, in sweet ac - cord, Join

Join in a song, with sweet ac - cord, Join

in a song, with sweet ac - cord, And thus surround the throne. in a song, with sweet ac - cord, And thus surround the throne.

in a song, with sweet ac - cord, And thus surround the throne.

2. The sorrows of the mind  
Do banish'd from the place  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.
3. Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But children of the heav'nly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
4. The God that rules on high,  
And thunders when He please,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas:
5. This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love;  
He will send down His heav'nly pow'rs,  
To carry us above.
6. There we shall see His face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the rivers of His grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.
7. Yea, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.



REV. WM. A. MUHLENBURG, D. D., Episcopalian.

1. Like No - ah's wea - ry dove, 'That soar'd a - bove the ground, But not a rest - ing place a - bove

2. O cease, my wan - d'ring soul, On rest - less wings to roam; All this wide world to et - ther pole,

3. Behold the ark of God!  
Behold the open door!  
O haste to gain that dear abode,  
And roam, my soul, no more!

4. There, safe shall thou abide;  
There, sweet shall be thy rest;  
And, ev'ry longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blest.

The cheer - less wa - ters found;

Has not for thee a home.

## THE ISSUES OF LIFE AND DEATH.

REV. JAMES MONTGOMERY, Moravian, of Sheffield, Eng.

1. O where shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole:

2. The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

3. Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.

4. There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
Oh! what eternal horrors hang  
Around "the second death!"

5. Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banish'd from Thy face,  
And evermore undone.

6. Here would we end our quest:  
Alone is found in Thee,  
The life of perfect love—the rest  
Of immortality.

REV. JNO. WESLEY. Translated, in 1739, from the German of J. GERHARDT. Air by JASON HERITAGE, of New Jersey, and parts by his brother ELPHINSTON, previous to 1846.



1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un-dis-may'd; God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;

2. Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms, He gen-tly clears thy way: Wait thou His time, so shall this night



God shall lift up thy head.

Soon end in joy-ous day.

3. Still heavy is thy heart?  
Still sink thy spirits down?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
And ev'ry care be gone.
4. What tho' Thou rulest not,  
Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well.
5. Leave to his sovereign away  
To choose and to command;  
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own His way  
How wise; how strong His hand!

6. Far, far above thy thought,  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully He the work hath wrought  
That caus'd thy needless fear.
7. Thou see'st our weakness. Lord,  
Our hearts are known to Thee;  
Oh, lift Thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee!
8. Let us in life—in death—  
Thy steadfast truth declare,  
And publish, with our latest breath,  
Thy love and guardian care

\* Named, in 1846, after the noble-hearted and true JNO. HENRY BRIMNER, of Philadelphia, Pa.